ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

World Press

O. 5 – MAY

$2.50 ($4.00 CANADA)

EXTRA!

DATELINE: Long Island Sound

SCENE: KEITH'S NEW APARTMENT. A HOUSEWARMING PARTY HAS JUST COME TO AN END...

WHILE GOODNIGHTS ARE BEING EXCHANGED, A FURTIVE FIGURE ON THE TERRACE ANXIOUSLY WATCHES... AND WAITS...
WELL, EVERYONE'S GONE! I'LL HELP YOU CLEAN UP THE MESS, AND...
FORGET IT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT TOMORROW! C'MON! I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!
DO YOU REALLY LIKE THE SEA GULL DRIFT-WOOD PIECE, KEITH?
I SURE DO! AND IT COULDN'T HAVE COME FROM A NICER GAL! THANKS AGAIN, VICKIE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT A LUNKHEAD I AM! I LEFT THE CAR KEYS IN MY OTHER COAT! C'MON... WON'T TAKE MINUTE...
I'LL ONLY BE A SECOND, VICKY ...
2

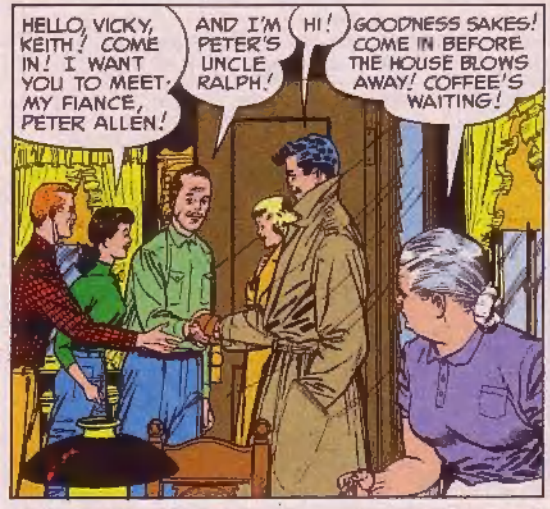
"WELL," BEGAN VICKY, "I HADN'T SEEN BETH MARTIN SINCE SCHOOL, SO I WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO ACCEPT HER INVITATION TO VISIT HER AND HER MOTHER FOR THE DAY...

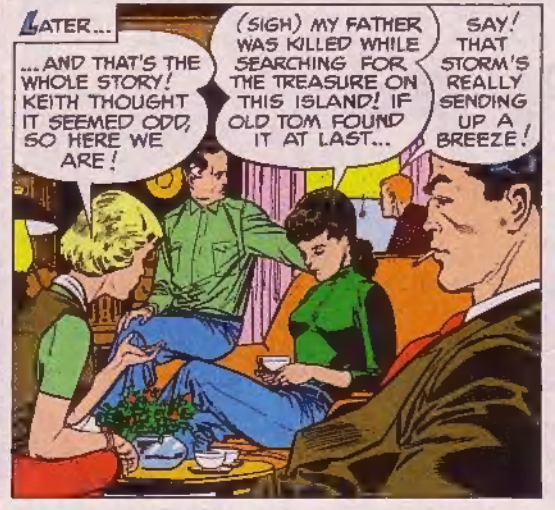
"THEY LIVE ON AN ISLAND OFF THE CONNECTICUT SHORE... AND BETH SHOWED ME EVERYTHING... EVEN THE LIVING QUARTERS OF OLD TOM, THE BEACHCOMBER, WHO LIVES IN A SHED BEHIND THE HOUSE...

SHE SAID I COULD HAVE ANYONE I WANTED! MAYBE OLD TOM BECAME ANGRY AND CAME HERE TO...
STILL SOUNDS FISHY! IF IT WAS OLD TOM, HE MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD REASON FOR STEALING IT BACK, INSTEAD OF JUST ASKING FOR IT!

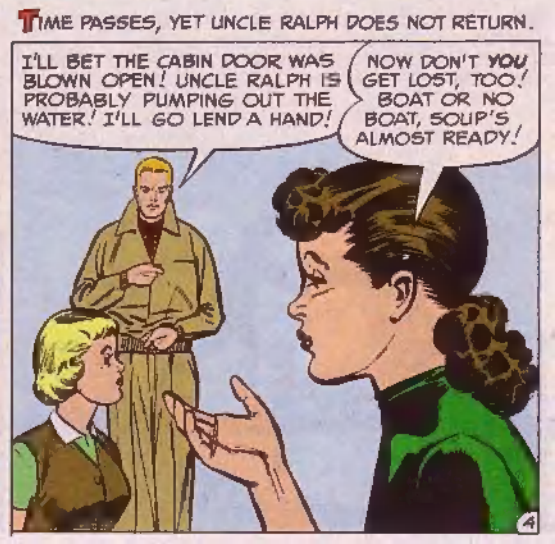
NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, THE MAN WHO HIT YOU WAS WEARING A PEA-COAT, AND...
WE'LL TAKE A RUN UP AND SEE YOUR FRIEND TOMORROW, VICKY. I WANT TO TALK TO OLD TOM! RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I'D BEST GET YOU HOME! C'MON!

THE NEXT DAY FINDS KEITH AND VICKY NEARING THE ISLAND...
YOU SAY YOU CALLED BETH EARLIER AND TOLD HER TO EXPECT US?
UH-HUH! I TOLD HER ALL ABOUT THE DIAMONDS AND...OH, LOOK, KEITH! THERE'S A BOAT ALREADY TIED UP AT THE DOCK! SOMEONE'S THERE BEFORE US!


HELLO, VICKY, KEITH! COME IN! I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FIANCÉ, PETER ALLEN!
AND I'M PETER'S UNCLE RALPH!
HI!
GOODNESS SAKES! COME IN BEFORE THE HOUSE BLOWS AWAY! COFFEE'S WAITING!


LATER...
...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! KEITH THOUGHT IT SEEMED ODD, SO HERE WE ARE!
(SIGH) MY FATHER WAS KILLED WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE TREASURE ON THIS ISLAND! IF OLD TOM FOUND IT AT LAST...
SAY! THAT STORM'S REALLY SENDING UP A BREEZE!

MMM, YES! I'D BETTER CHECK ON THE BOAT! MAKE SURE IT'S SECURE!
I SECURED IT WHEN WE GOT HERE, UNCLE RALPH! YOU DON'T...
IT WON'T HURT TO CHECK IT AGAIN! JUST BE CAREFUL, RALPH... AND DON'T BE TOO LONG!


TIME PASSES, YET UNCLE RALPH DOES NOT RETURN.
I'LL BET THE CABIN DOOR WAS BLOWN OPEN! UNCLE RALPH IS PROBABLY PUMPING OUT THE WATER! I'LL GO LEND A HAND!
NOW DON'T YOU GET LOST, TOO! BOAT OR NO BOAT, SOUP'S ALMOST READY!

STILL LATER, WHEN NEITHER MAN RETURNS, KEITH GOES IN SEARCH OF THEM AND STUMBLES UPON...

UH-OH! THIS MUST BE OLD TOM! IT'S A CINCH ***HE'S*** NOT GOING TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THE DIAMONDS... ***EVER!*** POOR GUY... THE WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN THE SHED DOWN RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM!

SAY... HERE'S SOME OF HIS DRIFTWOOD CARVINGS! BUT... THAT'S STRANGE...SEEMS LIKE SOMEONE HAS SCRAPED THE FILLING OUT OF THE WORM-HOLES! THEY... THEY'RE ALL ***EMPTY!***

HEY! WHAT'S THAT? A CRY FOR HELP... COMING FROM THE BEACH!

PETER! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S UNCLE RALPH! HE WAS WASHED OVER-BOARD! HELP ME GET HIM TO THE HOUSE!

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, PETER! YOU DID YOUR BEST!

IT HAPPENED SO FAST! I DOVE IN RIGHT AFTER HIM BUT I COULDN'T FIND HIM! NOW... NOW HE'S DEAD!

I DON'T LIKE HAVING TO SAY THIS...BUT OLD TOM IS DEAD, TOO!

WHAT? KEITH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I FOUND HIM WHILE LOOKING FOR PETER AND HIS UNCLE! THE SHED HAD COLLAPSED!

I...I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN SOMEDAY! WE WARNED HIM THE SHED WASN'T SAFE! BUT... BUT HE NEVER LISTENED...

PETER... IT... IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU AND KEITH BROUGHT HIM INTO... INTO THE HOUSE...

I DON'T THINK SO, BETH! THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT OLD BEACHCOMBER AND HIS DRIFTWOOD! I FOUND ALL HIS CARVINGS HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH! HE'LL HAVE TO STAY WHERE HE IS TILL AFTER THE POLICE INVESTIGATE!

KEITH! YOU THINK OLD TOM WAS MURDERED AND HIS TREASURE STOLEN?

LOOK... I...I JUST FOUND THIS IN MY UNCLE'S POCKET! IT'S A DIAMOND!

MMM...I BETTER MAKE THAT PHONE CALL TO THE MAINLAND RIGHT NOW!

HOURS LATER, ARRIVING DURING A LULL IN THE STORM, THE MEDICAL EXAMINER FINISHES HIS EXAMINATIONS...

WHAT'S THE SCORE, DOC?

HARD TO SAY! THE ONE IN THE HOUSE DIED BY DROWNING...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! AND THIS OLD FELLOW DIED OF A HEAD INJURY! BOTH LOOK LIKE ACCIDENTS TO ME!

OKAY IF WE GO BACK INTO THE HOUSE NOW?

I GUESS SO. TEN HOURS IS A LONG TIME TO BE OUT HERE!

TEN HOURS? WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

WELL...FIGURING FROM THE TIME OF DEATH, HE'D HAVE TO BE HERE AT LEAST THAT LONG!

FOR A LONG WHILE KEITH SITS STARING INTO THE FIREPLACE, DEEP IN HIS THOUGHTS...

ANYTHING WRONG, KEITH? YOU'RE AWFULLY QUIET!

JUST THINKING, VICKY. IT'S ODD HOW EASILY PEOPLE BELIEVE THE STORIES THEY HEAR, WHEN, WITH A LITTLE THOUGHT THEY'D REALIZE IT COULDN'T BE TRUTH AT ALL!

WHY, JUST NOW I WAS MULLING OVER TODAY'S...ACCIDENTS... AND IT SUDDENLY DAWNED ON ME THAT THEY MIGHT NOT HAVE HAPPENED THE WAY WE THINK!

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT, MICHAELS! ARE YOU CALLING ME A ***LIAR!?***

NO, PETER...NOT A LIAR! I'M CALLING YOU A ***MURDERER!***

KEITH! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!

YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE! AND YOU'D BETTER TAKE THAT BACK, OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! IF YOU GOT SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE TWO DEATHS, FELLA, I WANT TO HEAR IT!

IT'S MORE OF A THEORY, OFFICER! LET'S SUPPOSE THAT AFTER VICKY PHONED BETH THIS MORNING AND TOLD HER ABOUT OLD TOM'S TREASURE, BETH WENT TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT IT...

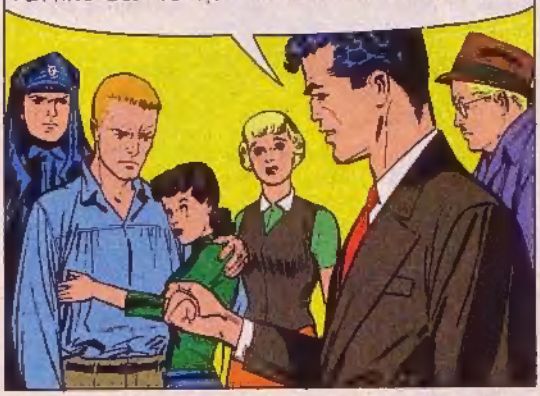
"MAYBE SHE FELT OLD TOM OWED HER AT LEAST PART OF THE TREASURE, SINCE HER FATHER WAS KILLED ACCIDENTALLY WHILE SEARCHING FOR IT. THEY ARGUED AND SHE HIT HIM WITH A ROCK, PERHAPS, AND KILLED HIM..."

"PROBABLY, SHE NEVER THOUGHT TO KILL HIM, BUT SHE HAD. SHE CALLED PETER FOR HELP, WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HE HAD HIS UNCLE TAKE HIM OUT HERE EVEN IN SUCH BAD WEATHER. THEN, JUST BEFORE THE STORM HIT, PETER, ON THE PRETEXT OF SECURING THE BOAT, HID OLD TOM SOMEWHERE..."

"HE WANTED IT TO APPEAR TO BE AN ACCIDENT, BUT HE WAS SO INTENT ON HIS WORK THAT HE FORGOT TO SECURE THE BOAT! UNCLE RALPH WENT TO MAKE SURE THE BOAT WAS SAFE, AND PETER FOLLOWED. BUT ONCE OUTSIDE, HE SAW THE SHED HAD FALLEN, AND GOT OLD TOM'S BODY AND PLACED IT ON TOP OF THE PILE OF RUBBLE..."

"PETER FIGURED IT WOULD BE MORE LOGICAL FOR HIS BODY TO BE FOUND THERE. JUST THEN, HIS UNCLE CAME UPON HIM, AND TO SAVE BETH AND HIMSELF, PETER KNOCKED RALPH OUT, CARRIED HIM TO THE WATER AND DROWNED HIM..."

THEN PETER WENT INTO HIS ACT. I HEARD HIM SHOUTING FOR HELP AND HELPED THEM BOTH BACK TO THE HOUSE. YOU ALL KNOW THE REST. YOU MADE ONE SERIOUS MISTAKE, PETER... PUTTING OLD TOM ON THE RUBBLE OF THE SHED!

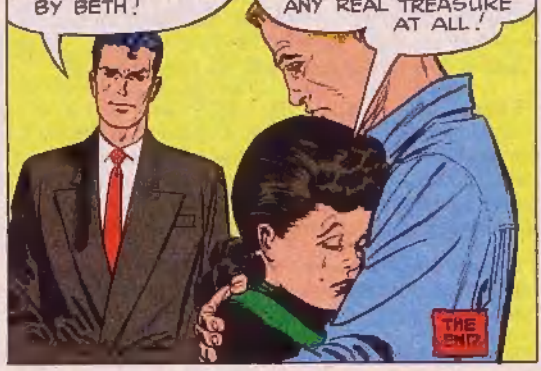


FIRST OF ALL, TOM WASN'T WEARING FOUL-WEATHER GEAR, SO HE MUST HAVE BEEN ***INSIDE*** THE SHED WHEN IT FELL, BUT IF IT ***HAD*** BEEN INSIDE, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN ***UNDER*** THE DEBRIS, NOT LYING ON ***TOP*** OF IT WHERE I FOUND HIM! BUT IT WAS THE TIME OF DEATH THAT REALLY MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY JIBE WITH THE TIME THE SHED COLLAPSED!

OKAY, MICHAELS... YOU WIN...

ONE LAST THING. UNCLE RALPH HADN'T ***TIME*** TO KILL OLD TOM AND ***THEN*** SEARCH THROUGH ALL THE DRIFTWOOD PIECES! IT HAD TO HAVE BEEN DONE BEFORE THE STORM... PROBABLY BY BETH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, AGAIN, KEITH. FUNNY PART IS... THE TWO DIAMONDS IN YOUR DRIFTWOOD PIECE, AND THE ONE PETER PUT IN HIS UNCLE'S POCKET WERE ALL I FOUND! THERE WASN'T ANY REAL TREASURE AT ALL!



TWO TIMER

"Don't move."

Briggs froze, his hand two inches from the light switch.

"All right, Briggs," the voice said, "turn on the light and come around slow."

Briggs flipped the switch and light blazed throughout the room. He turned, slowly, and stared hard into the eyes of the man behind the gun.

"Grellis!"

Beneath the crumpled slouch-hat, evil eyes glistened, and lips twisted with malice parted in an ugly leer. "That's right, snap-happy," the man said. "You haven't forgotten, eh?"

"No, I haven't forgotten." Briggs set his camera case and equipment on the coffee table, shook off his coat. "Eight years ago my pictures were used as evidence to send you to prison. You promised to get even when you got out, but I didn't think you'd be crazy enough to go through with it."

Grellis pushed the slouch-hat back on his head, revealing the hard-bitten, grizzled face to the light. "I'm not as crazy as you think," he sneered. "I've got an alibi all set. And I gave myself plenty of time so I could watch you squirm."

"You'd be crazy to kill me right now," said Briggs, trying to be casual. "I've just been out on assignment for my paper. A messenger is on his way over here now to pick up the film. If I don't answer the door . . . "

"I said I gave myself plenty of time." As if to prove it, Grellis settled himself comfortably in a chair. "I can wait," he said.

Briggs reached for his equipment, stopped quickly when Grellis moved threateningly with the gun. "Don't get excited," explained Briggs, "I'm just getting the stuff ready for the messenger boy. You don't want him waiting around, do you?"

Briggs fumbled around in his camera case, bringing forth films, cameras, accessories. "You a camera bug?" he asked.

"No." Grellis lit a cigarette. Briggs checked his camera, busied himself arranging film packs into a neat package, and finished just as there was a knock on the door.

Grellis darted quickly behind the door, gun ready should Briggs not play his hand right, but when the messenger identified himself, Briggs merely handed over the package, said thanks and closed the door.

Now he had to stall for time. "My editor has to call back so I'll know he got the films. He knows I'll be waiting."

Grellis looked at him suspiciously but he said nothing. They waited, Briggs smoking more often, a bit more nervously, Grellis sitting quietly, yet a bit more tensely. Twenty minutes passed. An hour. Then, just when Grellis had become impatient, the door flew open and a wave of policemen flooded the room. Grellis didn't even have time to get out of his chair.

Moments later, serenely puffing on a cigarette, Briggs loaded his camera. "I told you you were crazy to try a stunt like this. When that messenger came I unlatched the door so the police could bust right in."

"You're just lucky," growled the prisoner. "Somebody must have tipped off the cops."

Briggs laughed. "That's right, pal, and you were sitting right there watching me while I did it. You said you weren't a camera bug, so I was fairly sure I could get away with it."

Grellis seemed stunned. "You weren't out of my sight," he gasped. "How . . . ?"

"I was on assignment tonight, taking pictures using infra-red film and infra-red flashbulbs. While I was readying the films for the messenger I sneaked a shot of you. My editor knew you were out to get me, so when he saw it he called the police. You didn't notice anything because you can't see an infra-red flashbulb go off even in the dark, much less a lighted room like this."

He raised his camera, inserted a flashbulb, focused on the downcast Grellis standing between two smiling policemen, and clicked the shutter.

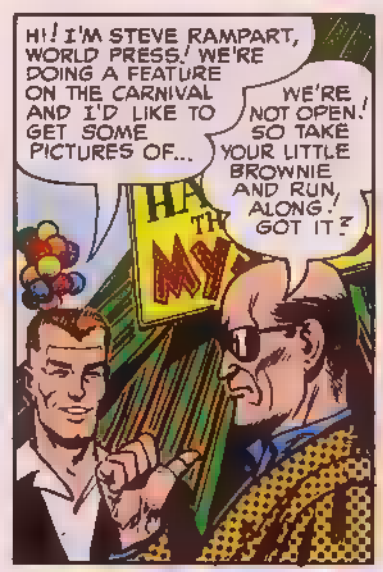
"See?" he grinned.

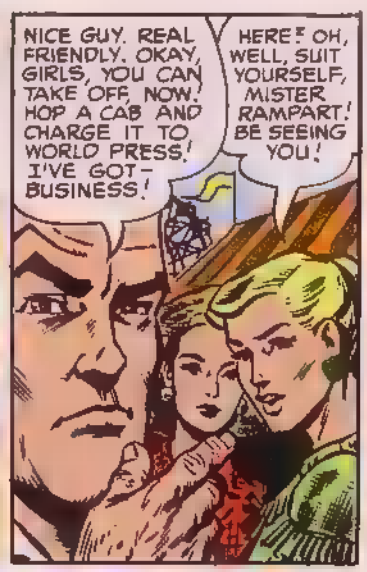
STEVE RAMPART

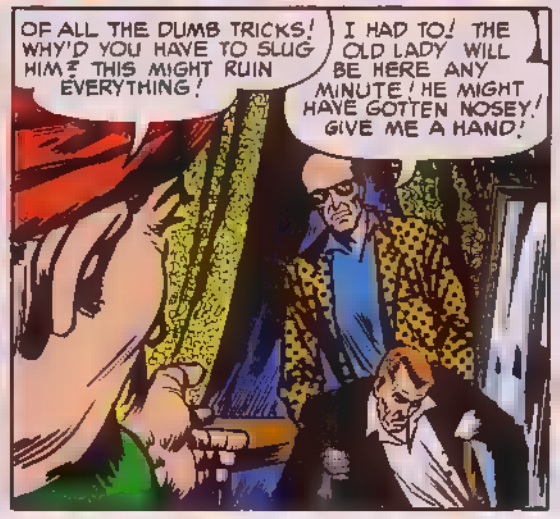
OKAY, RAMPART, THE GIRLS ARE ALL YOURS! I WANT A PICTURE FEATURE ON THE HAYDEN CARNIVAL. GET MOVING... AND MAKE IT GOOD!

WITH THESE TWO GIRLS FOR PROPS, HOW CAN I MISS? AND TO THINK THAT MY MOTHER WANTED ME TO BE A LAWYER!

IN PRESS PHOTOGRAPHY, SOME ASSIGNMENTS ARE EASY. SOME ARE TOUGH. BUT ONCE IN A WHILE, MMM-M-M-M...

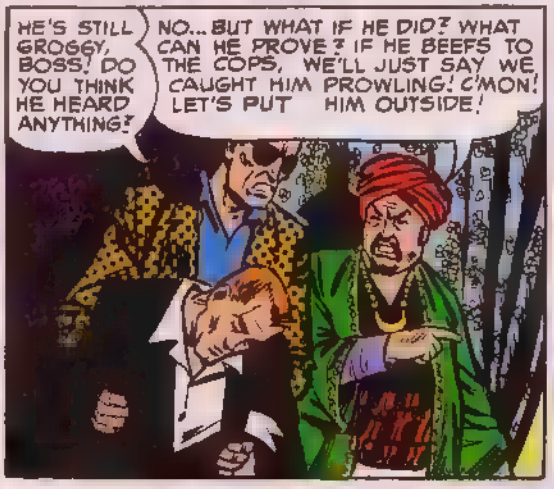




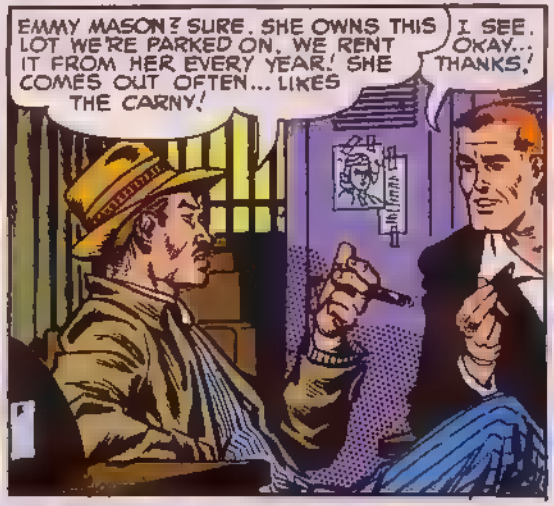


A FEW MINUTES LATER, RAMPART STIRS...

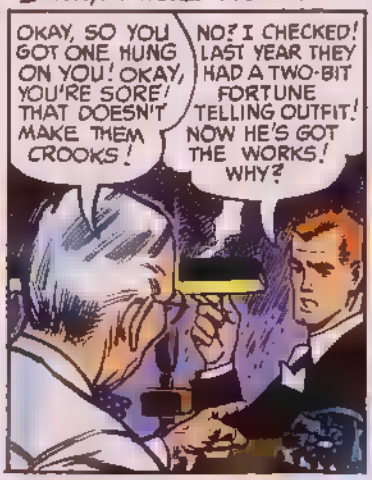
RAMPART PLAYS POSSUM, BUT HE HEARS ENOUGH SO THAT HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND AFTER THE WOMAN LEAVES...

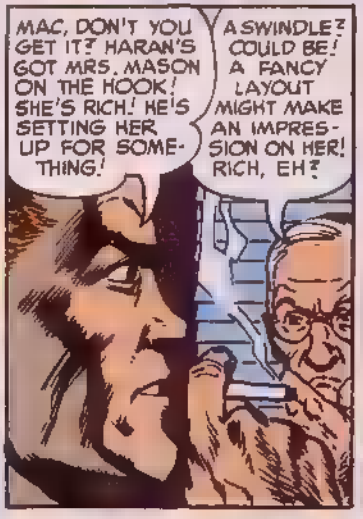


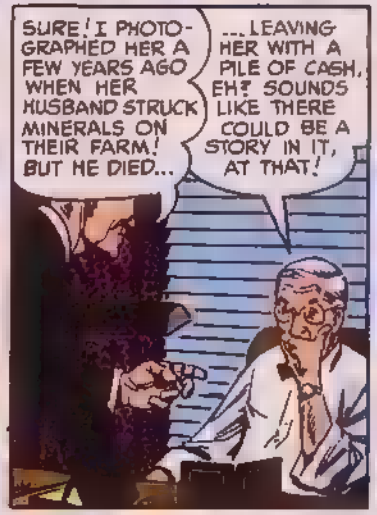
AS SOON AS THE TWO MEN LEAVE HIM, STEVE GOES TO SEE THE OWNER OF THE CARNIVAL...



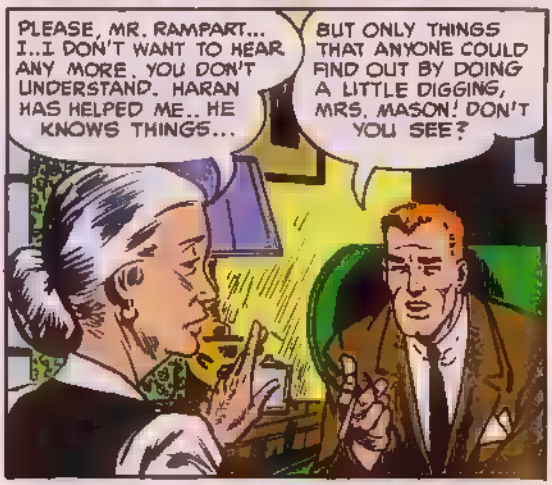
LATER, AT WORLD PRESS...

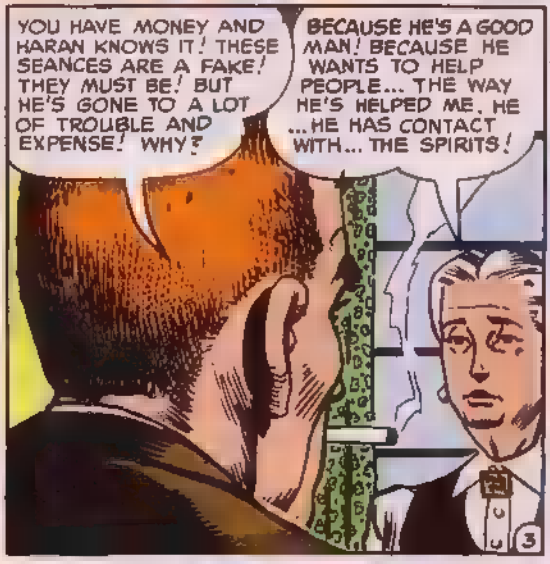


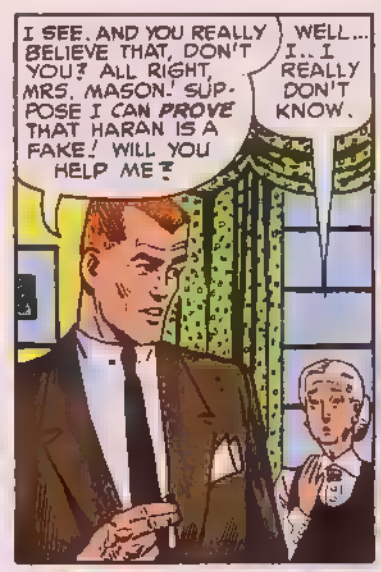


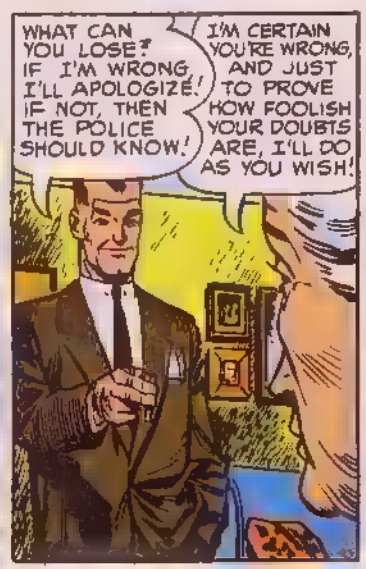


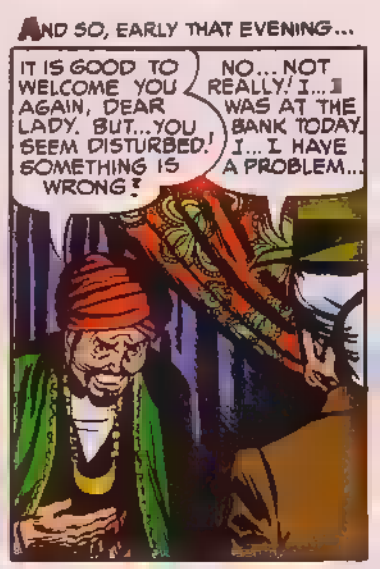
MAC GIVES HIS PERMISSION TO CHECK INTO THE STORY, AND AN HOUR LATER, BIG STEVE IS SEATED IN MRS. MASON'S LIVING ROOM...

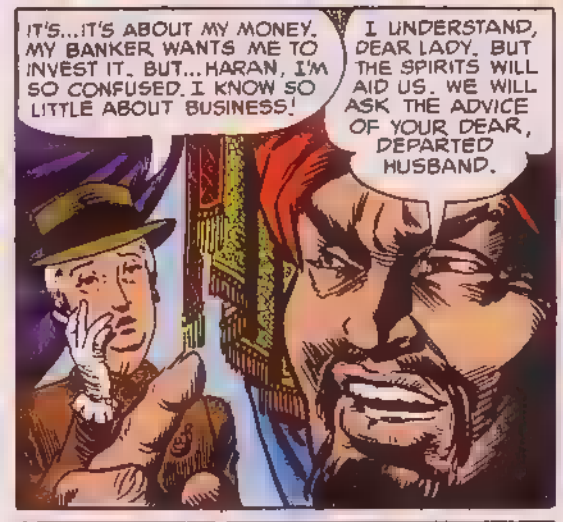


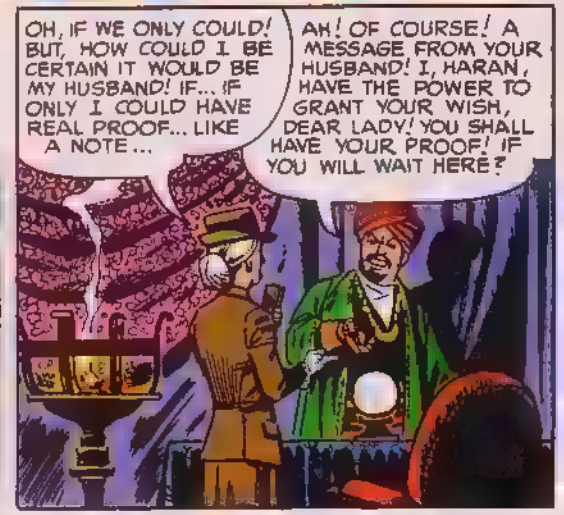



I SEE. AND YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT, DON'T YOU? ALL RIGHT, MRS. MASON! SUPPOSE I CAN PROVE THAT HARAN IS A FAKE! WILL YOU HELP ME?
WELL... I... I REALLY DON'T KNOW.


WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? IF I'M WRONG, I'LL APOLOGIZE! IF NOT, THEN THE POLICE SHOULD KNOW!
I'M CERTAIN YOU'RE WRONG, AND JUST TO PROVE HOW FOOLISH YOUR DOUBTS ARE, I'LL DO AS YOU WISH!


AND SO, EARLY THAT EVENING...
IT IS GOOD TO WELCOME YOU AGAIN, DEAR LADY. BUT... YOU SEEM DISTURBED! SOMETHING IS WRONG?
NO... NOT REALLY! I... I WAS AT THE BANK TODAY. I... I HAVE A PROBLEM...


IT'S... IT'S ABOUT MY MONEY. MY BANKER WANTS ME TO INVEST IT. BUT... HARAN, I'M SO CONFUSED. I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT BUSINESS!
I UNDERSTAND, DEAR LADY. BUT THE SPIRITS WILL AID US. WE WILL ASK THE ADVICE OF YOUR DEAR, DEPARTED HUSBAND.


OH, IF WE ONLY COULD! BUT, HOW COULD I BE CERTAIN IT WOULD BE MY HUSBAND! IF... IF ONLY I COULD HAVE REAL PROOF... LIKE A NOTE...
AH! OF COURSE! A MESSAGE FROM YOUR HUSBAND! I, HARAN, HAVE THE POWER TO GRANT YOUR WISH, DEAR LADY! YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR PROOF! IF YOU WILL WAIT HERE?

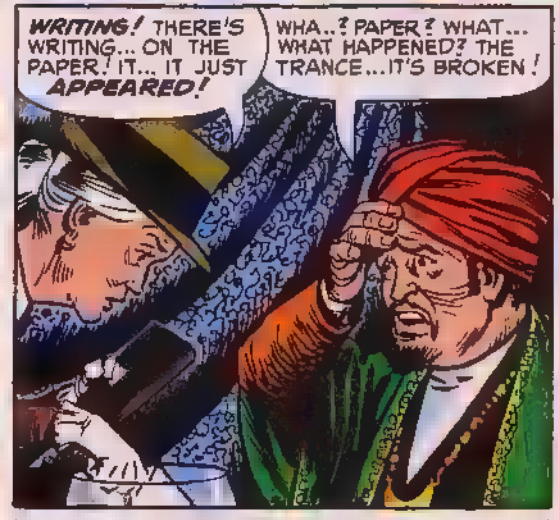
MACE! WE'RE IN! IT'S ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! SHE'S ACTUALLY ASKING FOR ADVICE ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH HER CASH!
I KNOW! I HEARD! BUT SHE WANTS A WRITTEN MESSAGE FROM HER HUSBAND! HOW YOU GOING TO WORK THAT?

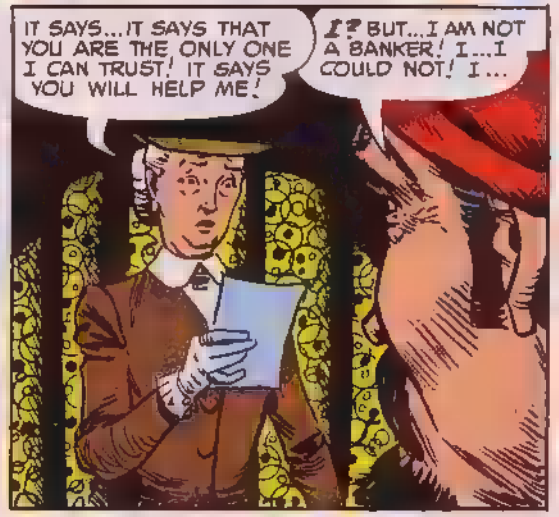
OH! OH, YEAH! THE OLD BOTTLE GAG! DO YOU THINK SHE'LL GO FOR IT?
HOW ELSE CAN I GIVE HER SOLID PROOF? SHE'LL GO FOR IT! AND AFTER SHE DOES... WE COLLECT!

A GLOBE? HARAN, I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU WILL, DEAR LADY. YOU WILL. UPON THIS BLANK PAPER, HERE WITHIN CLEAR CRYSTAL, YOU SHALL SEE APPEAR THE PROOF FOR WHICH YOU HAVE ASKED!

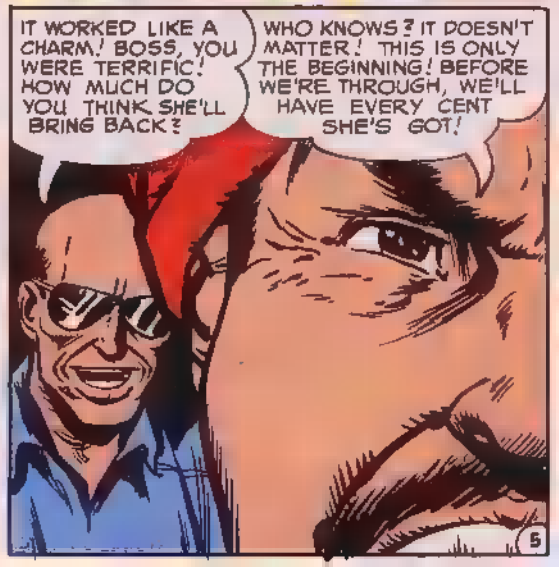
CHARLES... CHARLES MASON... I CALL YOU ■ THE NAME OF ONE WHO LOVED YOU, COME! AS THE SPIRITS KNOW ALL THINGS, SO YOU KNOW WHY THE WIFE OF YOUR HEART ■ HERE...

COME... GIVE US A SIGN! SHOW US YOUR PRESENCE!
(GASP!) THE PAPER... WRITING!

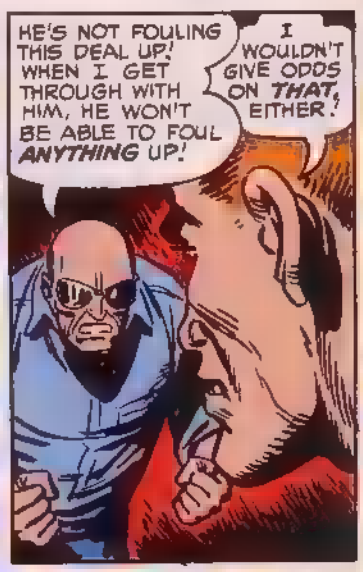

WRITING! THERE'S WRITING... ON THE PAPER! IT... IT JUST APPEARED!
WHA..? PAPER? WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? THE TRANCE... IT'S BROKEN!


IT SAYS... IT SAYS THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST! IT SAYS YOU WILL HELP ME!
I? BUT... I AM NOT A BANKER! I... I COULD NOT! I...

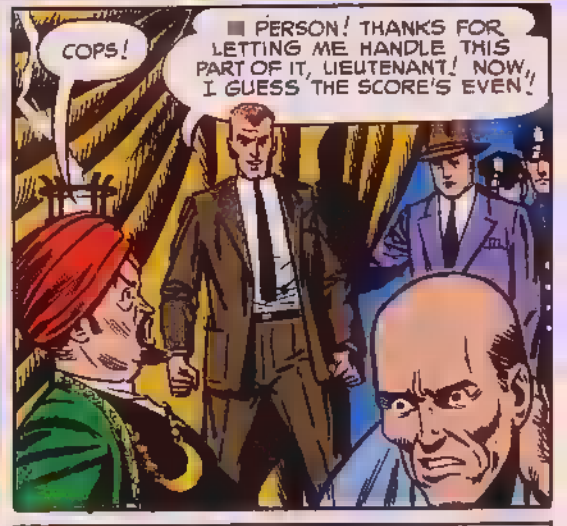
BUT... SO BE IT! WHAT RIGHT HAVE WE POOR MORTALS TO QUESTION THE WILL OF THOSE WHO HAVE... GONE BEYOND? I... I SHALL DO MY BEST!
I KNEW YOU WOULD! I'LL.. I'LL GO TO THE BANK TOMORROW! I'LL GET THE MONEY! CHARLES WOULD WANT IT LIKE THAT!

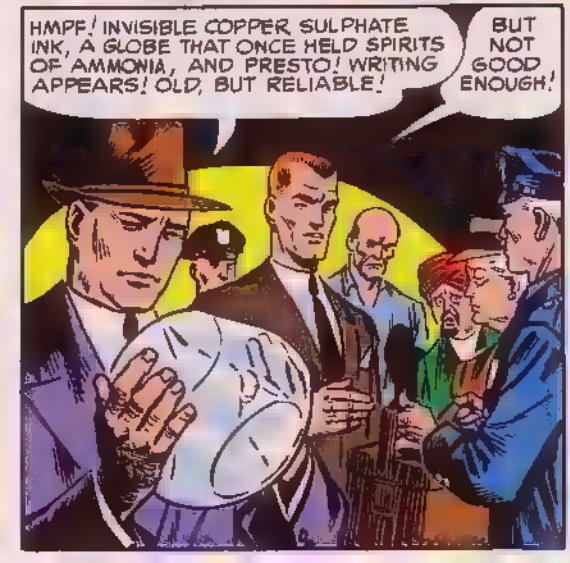

IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM! BOSS, YOU WERE TERRIFIC! HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BRING BACK?
WHO KNOWS? IT DOESN'T MATTER! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, WE'LL HAVE EVERY CENT SHE'S GOT!

DON'T BET ON THAT, BUSTER!
EH? HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU...YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON US!
MACE! GET HIM!


HE'S NOT FOULING THIS DEAL UP! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FOUL ANYTHING UP!
I WOULDN'T GIVE ODDS ON THAT, EITHER!

YOU DON'T GET ME FROM BEHIND, THIS TIME, BIG BOY!


COPS!
■ PERSON! THANKS FOR LETTING ME HANDLE THIS PART OF IT, LIEUTENANT! NOW, I GUESS THE SCORE'S EVEN!

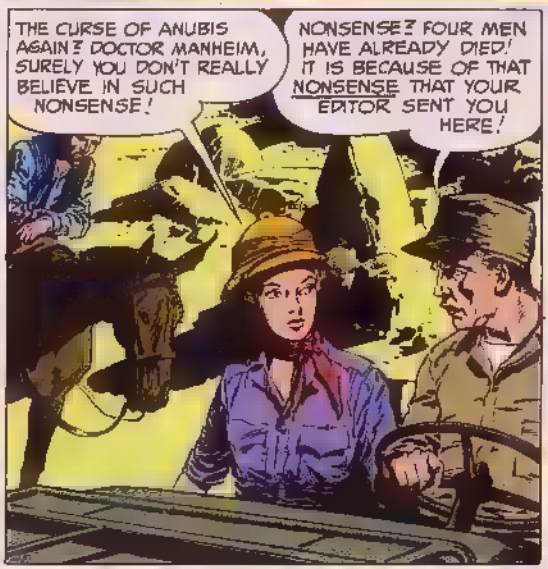

HMPF! INVISIBLE COPPER SULPHATE INK, A GLOBE THAT ONCE HELD SPIRITS OF AMMONIA, AND PRESTO! WRITING APPEARS! OLD, BUT RELIABLE!
BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

I HOPED HE'D USE THIS OLD GAG WHEN I REHEARSED MRS. MASON ON WHAT TO SAY AND DO! YOU SEE, HER HUSBAND NEVER HAD TOO MUCH SCHOOLING! HE COULDN'T READ... OR WRITE!
THE END

GERI HAMILTON

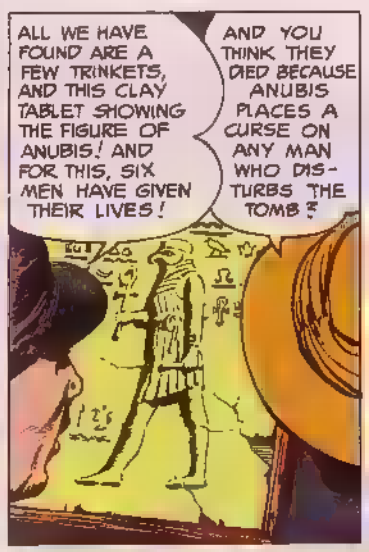
EFFENDI! THERE IS TROUBLE AGAIN AT THE DIGGINGS!

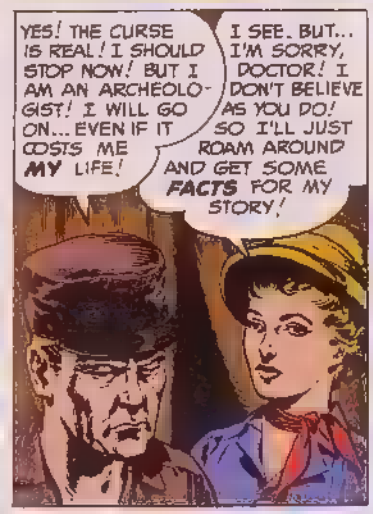
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW, YOU WILL SEE, MISS HAMILTON... THE CURSE OF ANUBIS IS *REAL!*

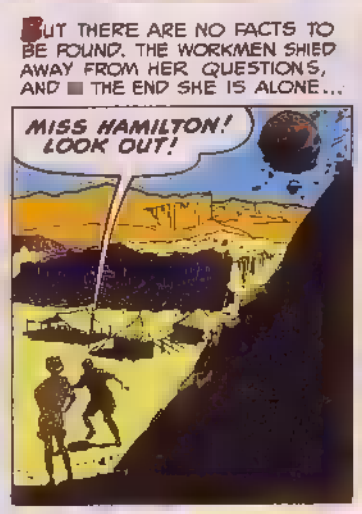


DOCTOR... HOW BAD IS IT?
TWO MEN ARE... DEAD! SOME OF THE TIMBERS COLLAPSED. IT IS NOT A SIGHT FOR A WOMAN! WE... WE HAD BEST GO TO MY TENT!

THERE! THERE IT IS! THE CURSE OF ANUBIS, THE GOD OF DEATH! WE FOUND IT IN THE FIRST SHAFT WE DUG!


ALL WE HAVE FOUND ARE A FEW TRINKETS, AND THIS CLAY TABLET SHOWING THE FIGURE OF ANUBIS! AND FOR THIS, SIX MEN HAVE GIVEN THEIR LIVES!
AND YOU THINK THEY DIED BECAUSE ANUBIS PLACES A CURSE ON ANY MAN WHO DISTURBS THE TOMB?


YES! THE CURSE IS REAL! I SHOULD STOP NOW! BUT I AM AN ARCHEOLOGIST! I WILL GO ON... EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY LIFE!
I SEE. BUT... I'M SORRY, DOCTOR! I DON'T BELIEVE AS YOU DO! SO I'LL JUST ROAM AROUND AND GET SOME FACTS FOR MY STORY!


BUT THERE ARE NO FACTS TO BE FOUND. THE WORKMEN SHIED AWAY FROM HER QUESTIONS, AND ■ THE END SHE IS ALONE...
MISS HAMILTON! LOOK OUT!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THAT BOULDER... IT... IT MIGHT HAVE CRUSHED YOU! THE CURSE...
IT MIGHT HAVE... BUT IT DIDN'T, THANKS TO YOU! COME ON! I WANT TO SEE WHO'S AT THE TOP OF THIS SLOPE!

HMMP! NO ONE HERE! IF THERE WAS ANYONE, HE'S GONE NOW! I GUESS... I WAS MISTAKEN!

IT IS A THOUGHTFUL GERI WHO RETURNS TO TOWN, LATER. A GERI WHO WAITS AT THE SPOT WHERE MANHEIM'S CREW DISEMBARK AFTER EACH DAY'S WORK...

ONE'S AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, I GUESS! I'LL TRY THE ONE HEADING THIS WAY!

GERI CHOOSES A WORKMAN AT RANDOM. SHE FOLLOWS HIM. AND THE NEXT DAY THERE IS ANOTHER MAN... AND THEN ANOTHER...

SOMETHING NICE FOR THE LADY? A SHAWL, PERHAPS? YOU WISH TO BUY?

I WISH TO BUY. BUT NOT A SHAWL! I WANT SOME INFORMATION... ABOUT THE MAN WHO WAS JUST HERE!

ABOUT SELIM? BUT... WHAT CAN I TELL YOU? HE BUYS... HE PAYS! FOR WHAT REASON DO YOU SEEK THIS INFORMATION?

THAT'S MY AFFAIR! SELIM JUST BOUGHT SOMETHING FROM YOU... AND I SAW THE COIN HE PAID WITH! I WANT THAT COIN!

HERE... THIS SHOULD COVER IT... WITH A NICE PROFIT FOR YOURSELF! IS IT FOR SALE?

FOR SALE? ■ THE BAZAAR? HAS NOT ALLAH SAID... HE WILL BE HELPED WHO HELPS HIMSELF? A MAN MUST EARN AN HONEST COPPER WHEN HE CAN! IS IT NOT SO?

A SINGLE COIN CHANGES HANDS, AND AT SIGHT OF IT, GERI'S EYES LIGHT UP! SOON AFTERWARD, SHE ARRIVES AT THE MANHEIM DIGGINGS...

DOCTOR MANHEIM! WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU LAUGHED AT THE CURSE, MISS HAMILTON! PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL NOT LAUGH! THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

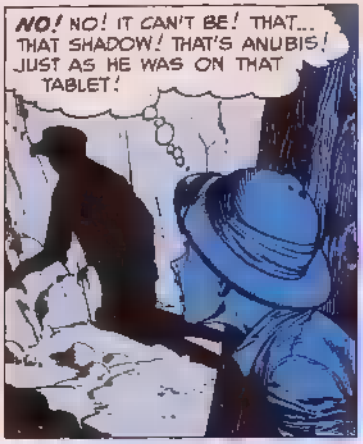
SELIM!

YES! MY BEST MAN! THE POLICE HAVE HALTED MY WORK! THEY HAVE DECLARED THIS AREA CLOSED! IT WILL BE ABANDONED! ACH!

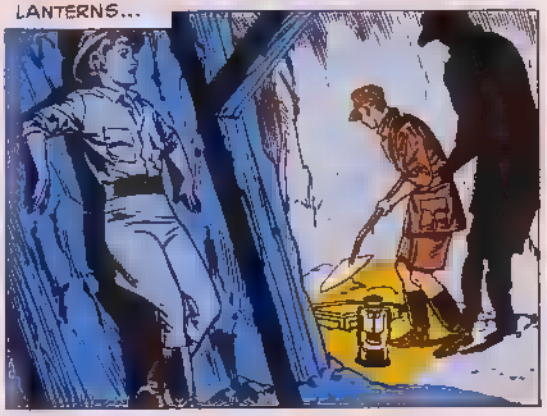
SILENTLY, GERI WALKS AWAY. SHE RETURNS TO HER HOTEL, WIRES THE STORY, BUT SHE DOES NOT REMAIN LONG IN THE CITY...

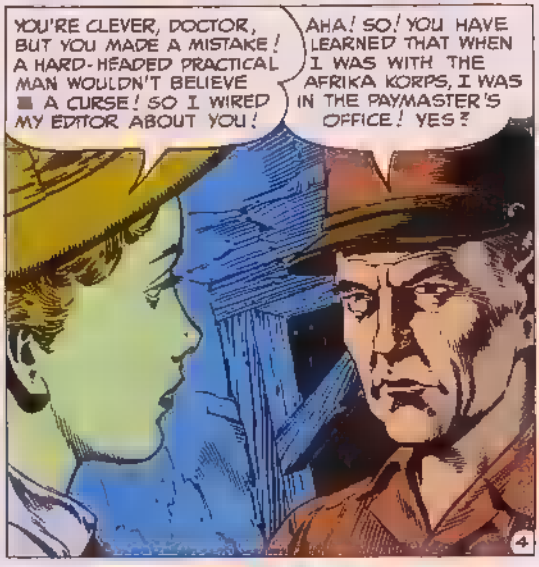
IN THE SILENCE OF NIGHT SHE REACHES THE EXCAVATION...

AN HOUR PASSES. TWO. GERI COMBS THE TUNNELS, THE EERIENESS CREEPING INTO HER BONES! AND SUDDENLY, A STEP SOUNDS...



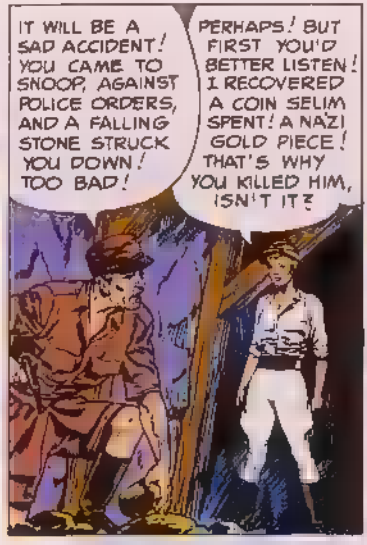
FOR AN INSTANT, SUPERSTITIOUS TERROR GRIPS GERI'S HEART IN AN IRON FIST! SHE FLICKS OFF HER LIGHT AND MELTS INTO THE SHADOWS! BUT ANCIENT GODS DO NOT WEAR BOOTS AND CARRY LANTERNS...

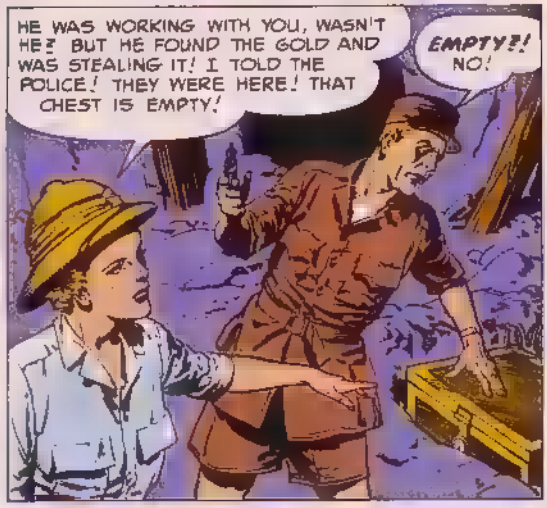




YOU...YOU KNEW I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF YOU? YOU KNEW I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GOLD?
YOUR INTEREST IN MY WORKMEN MADE IT QUITE CLEAR! WHEN THE AFRIKA KORPS WAS DEFEATED, WE BURIED HALF A MILLION IN GOLD HERE, MISS HAMILTON!

WE STUMBLED UPON THIS PLACE BY A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT! NOW, I HAVE RETURNED FOR THE GOLD! YOU, TOO, ARE CLEVER, MISS HAMILTON... BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!


IT WILL BE A SAD ACCIDENT! YOU CAME TO SNOOP, AGAINST POLICE ORDERS, AND A FALLING STONE STRUCK YOU DOWN! TOO BAD!
PERHAPS! BUT FIRST YOU'D BETTER LISTEN! I RECOVERED A COIN SELIM SPENT! A NAZI GOLD PIECE! THAT'S WHY YOU KILLED HIM, ISN'T IT?

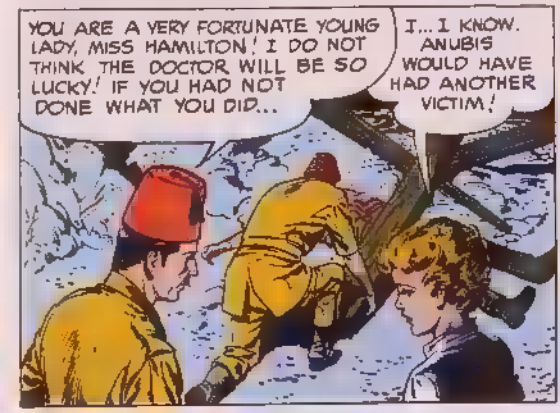

HE WAS WORKING WITH YOU, WASN'T HE? BUT HE FOUND THE GOLD AND WAS STEALING IT! I TOLD THE POLICE! THEY WERE HERE! THAT CHEST IS EMPTY!
EMPTY?! NO!

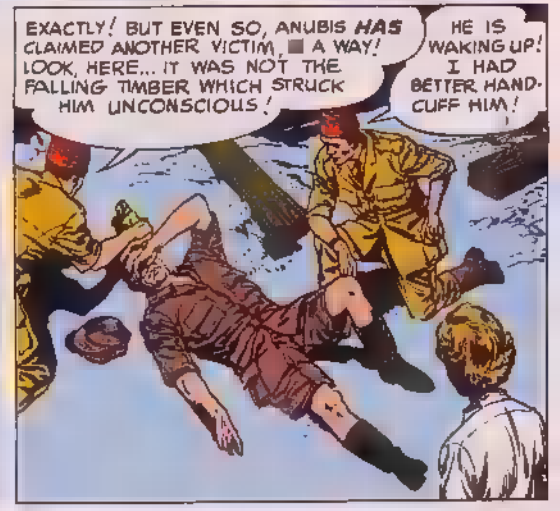
NO...THE GOLD IS STILL HERE! YOU LIED!

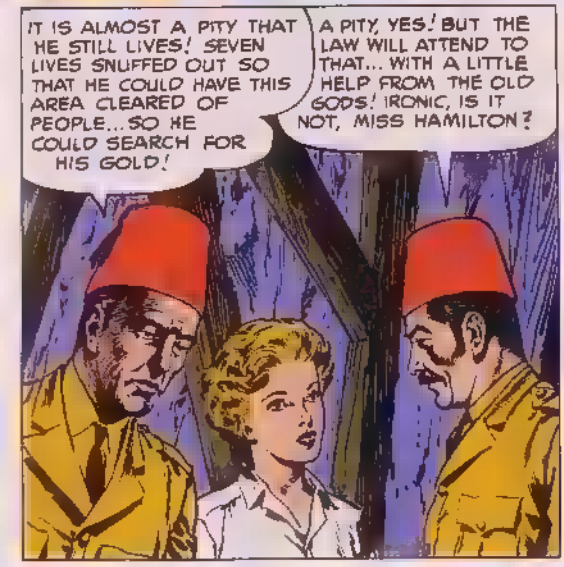
YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY!

DEAD END! I'M IN A DEAD END!

IT IS A WEAK, PALE REPORTER WHO LATER CLIMBS THROUGH THE DEBRIS, AND WHEN SHE RETURNS WITH THE POLICE GERI STILL HAS NOT COMPLETELY SHAKEN THE EFFECTS OF HER NARROW ESCAPE...







THE ENTERTAINMENT BOX

Don M. Mankiewicz wrote a Harper's ($10,000) Prize Novel that has the flavor of being taken from the front pages of today's newspapers. He adapted it for a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film called "Trial."

"Trial" is one flicker that you will be hearing about. It won't arouse the controversy that went with M-G-M's "Blackboard Jungle" but it will be much-talked about.

"Trial" stars Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire, and Arthur Kennedy. It features John Hodiak, Katy ("High Noon") Jurado and Rafael Campos.

Campos played the Puerto Rican role in "Blackboard Jungle" and in this film he portrays a Mexican boy named Angel Chavez in a town chock full of bigotry and bribery.

"Trial" is the story of the trial that takes place when a young girl dies and the Mexican boy is accused of killing her.

The Communists get into the act. In a strikingly realistic scene, they have a "Save Angel Chavez" rally at Madison Square Garden that is so realistic, you'll think you're in the audience. Glenn Ford, a young anti-Communist lawyer, finds himself part of the Communist fund-raising apparatus.

Now while trying to save the boy's life and fight the Communist plot, he is pursued by a state "anti-Communist" investigating committee that sounds so much like the old California committee that you expect to see Senator Jack Tenny step into the camera range at any moment.

"Trial" is the story of how one man, sincere, honest, courageous, fights all three battles.

The film is tension-packed. And added tension comes from the excellent photography. This one isn't in Cinemascope or Technical, but the superior black and white photography makes every use of shadows and contrasts and angles.

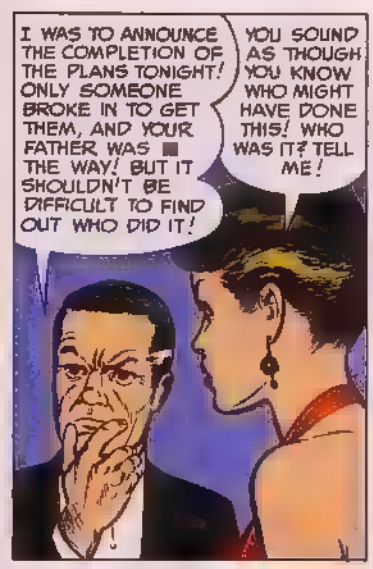
In the book, the boy dies. It is clear that he might have lived if the Communists had not wanted him a martyr. In the film, the ending is happier.

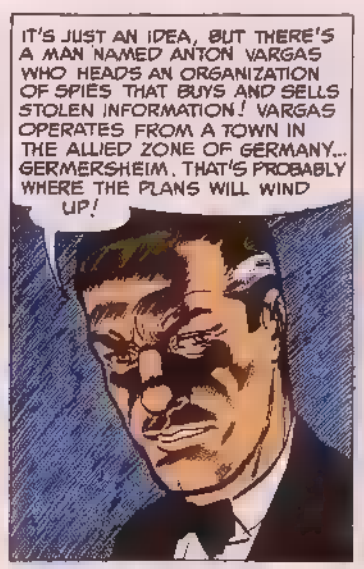
Hollywood has long ago learned that if its films are to be successful with the "mass market" they must have happy endings, no matter how corny an otherwise fine film must be made at the end to bring about the "happiness."

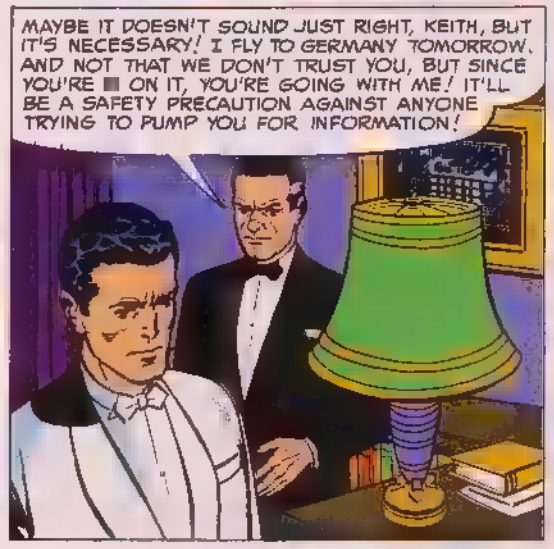
Despite this, "Trial" is a top-quality film. E. C. fans should enjoy it.

DATELINE: Germersheim

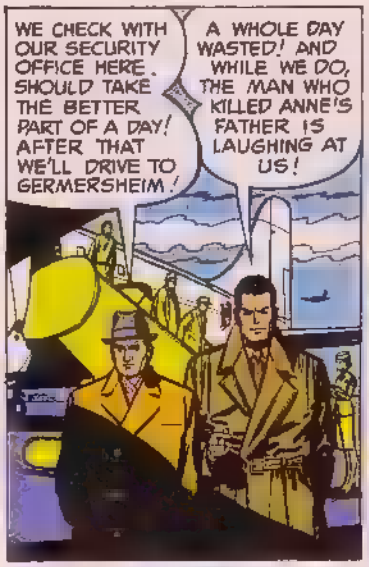
WASHINGTON, D.C... A GAY HOUSE PARTY IS SUDDENLY CATAPULTED INTO THE REALM OF TRAGEDY...





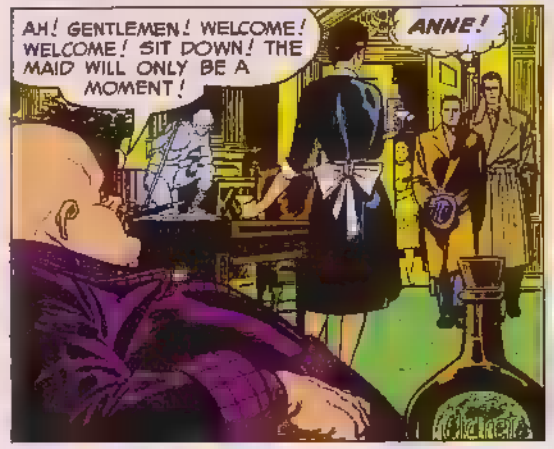


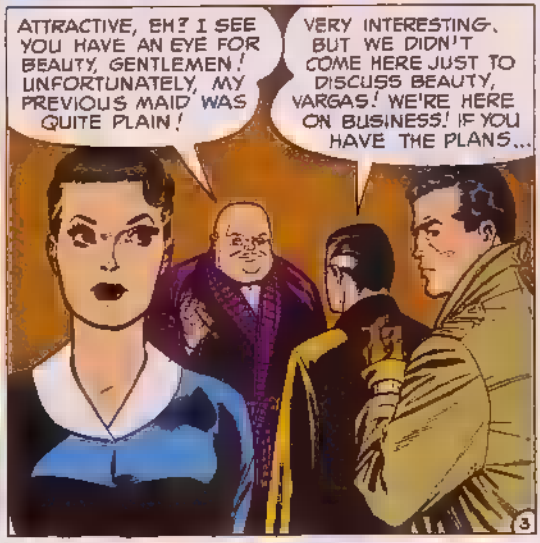
SOME FORTY HOURS LATER A GLEAMING AIRPLANE SETTLES LIGHTLY ONTO THE LANDING STRIP OF A GERMAN AIR FIELD.

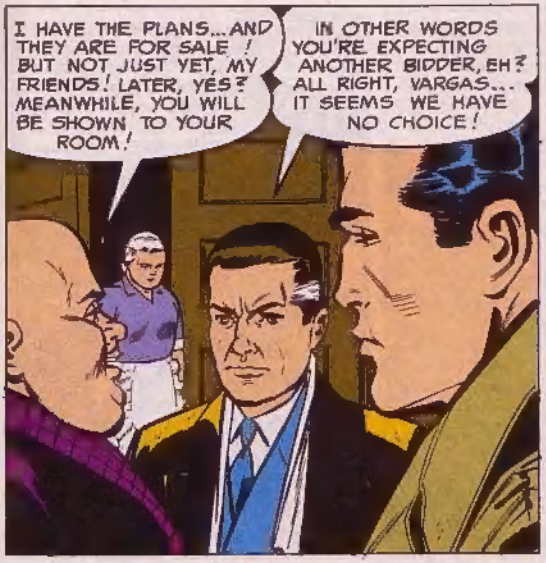


AT THE SECURITY OFFICE KEITH IMPATIENTLY SITS THROUGH HOURS OF CONVERSATION BEFORE HE AND NICHOLS CAN CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO GERMERSHEIM...

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AFTER A TREACHEROUS, WINDING DRIVE TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN WHERE VARGAS' CASTLE SITS, NICHOLS AND KEITH ARE USHERED INTO HIS PRESENCE...






I HAVE THE PLANS...AND THEY ARE FOR SALE! BUT NOT JUST YET, MY FRIENDS! LATER, YES? MEANWHILE, YOU WILL BE SHOWN TO YOUR ROOM!
IN OTHER WORDS YOU'RE EXPECTING ANOTHER BIDDER, EH? ALL RIGHT, VARGAS... IT SEEMS WE HAVE NO CHOICE!

THE TWO MEN ARE LED UPSTAIRS TO WAIT TEDIOUSLY UNTIL...
ANNE! I WAS HOPING YOU'D SNEAK IN TO SEE US! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?!
I FLEW HERE... THE OTHER NIGHT AFTER ...AFTER MY DAD WAS... KILLED! I'M SO GLAD YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME AWAY!

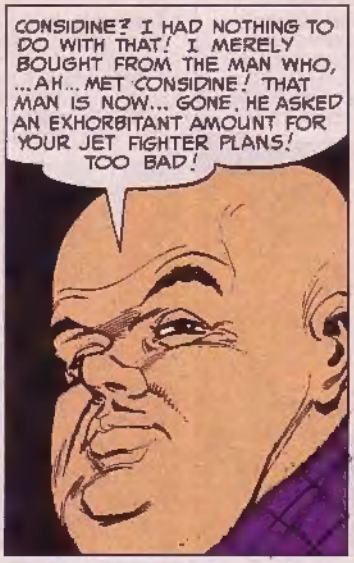
I WAS IN THE VILLAGE WHEN VARGAS' CHAUFFEUR, MAID AND HOUSEKEEPER WERE ALL KILLED IN AN AUTO CRASH! I CAME HERE AND ASKED FOR A JOB...
WAIT A MINUTE! THEN KORN AND THE HOUSEKEEPER ARE NEW TOO! YOU LITTLE FOOL! THEY MIGHT BE ANYBODY! EVEN ENEMY AGENTS!

I DON'T CARE! YOU SAID VARGAS MIGHT KNOW WHO KILLED MY FATHER! WHO-EVER IT IS, I'LL FIND HIM!
IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH! UH-OH! SOMEONE'S COMING! WE'LL TALK LATER! STAY HERE, ANNE! NICHOLS AND I BETTER HEAD DOWNSTAIRS!

THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD'VE SWORN I HEARD SOMEONE OUT HERE IN THE HALL!
FORGET IT. LET'S GET DOWNSTAIRS AND FIND VARGAS!

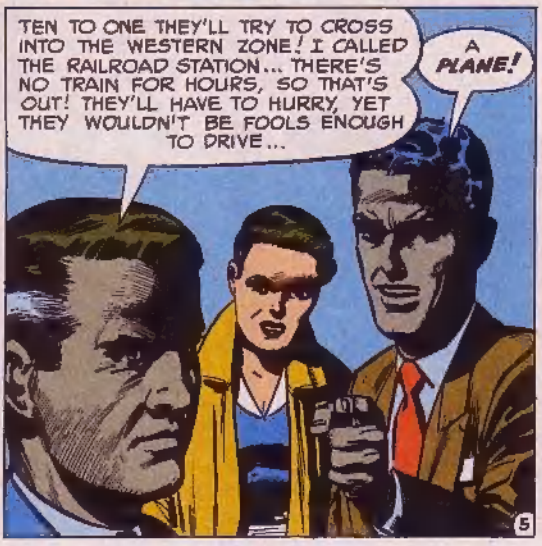
WHAT THE...?
NICHOLS!

MISTER MICHAELS! WHAT HAPPENED?
AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW! SOMEONE STRETCHED A WIRE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! NICHOLS ALMOST BROKE HIS NECK!



THE TWO MEN WAIT. BUT IT SHOULD NOT TAKE TEN MINUTES FOR A MAN TO PASS FROM ONE ROOM TO ANOTHER, AND KEITH INVESTIGATES...

BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CASTLE DOES NOT PRODUCE THE SERVANTS...



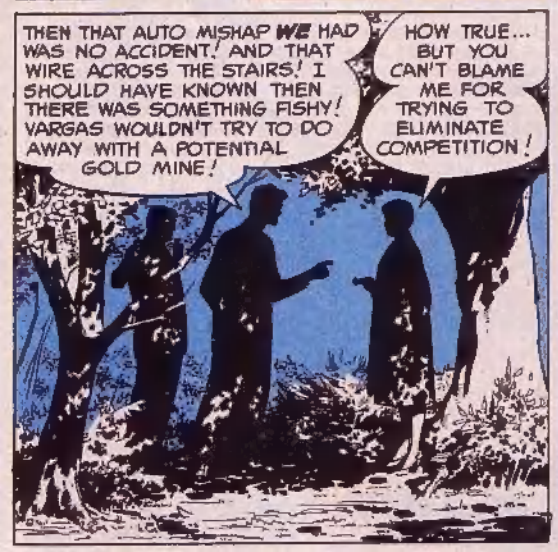
RIGHT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE SPOT WITHIN MILES WHERE A PLANE CAN LAND! ABOUT TEN MILES NORTH OF HERE!
C'MON!

ROARING OVER THE DESERTED ROADS AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE TEN MILES ARE COVERED IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...
THERE THEY ARE! WE WERE RIGHT! C'MON! THE PLANE'S ALMOST DOWN! LET'S TAKE 'EM!
NO! WAIT! THEY'RE PROBABLY ARMED!

WHAT IF THEY ARE? WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU? ONCE THEY BOARD THAT PLANE, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO STOP THEM!
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE, ANYWAY, KEITH!

ANNE! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? PUT DOWN THAT GUN! THOSE TWO SPIES ARE NO BETTER THAN THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER!
MY FATHER?! DON'T BE STUPID! THAT MAN WASN'T MY FATHER! HE WAS MY ASSISTANT! WE WERE TO STEAL THOSE PLANS!

ONLY SOMEONE ELSE GOT THEM FIRST AND YOU HAD TO COME HERE! YOU CAUSED THE AUTO CRASH THAT KILLED VARGAS' ORIGINAL SERVANTS SO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS COULD TAKE THEIR PLACE!
PRECISELY! BUT I SAW NO REASON TO PAY VARGAS FOR WHAT I WANTED!


THEN THAT AUTO MISHAP WE HAD WAS NO ACCIDENT! AND THAT WIRE ACROSS THE STAIRS! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY! VARGAS WOULDN'T TRY TO DO AWAY WITH A POTENTIAL GOLD MINE!
HOW TRUE... BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR TRYING TO ELIMINATE COMPETITION!

WE'RE NOT ELIMINATED YET, SWEETHEART! HURRY, NICHOLS! GET AFTER THOSE TWO! STOP THEM!

NO...I DON'T THINK SO, KEITH! I THINK WE'LL LET THEM GO!
LET THEM GO?! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND! IF YOU WON'T STOP THEM, I... ???
CLICK CLICK CLICK
HEY... THIS GUN IS EMPTY!
I KNOW IT! DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, MISS CONSIDINE! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PICKING YOUR POCKET WHILE WE WERE DRIVING UP HERE!
WHAT? YOU MEAN YOU KNEW SHE WAS A SPY?!
CERTAINLY! BACK IN WASHINGTON SHE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THAT HER SO-CALLED FATHER HAD BEEN MURDERED! SHE NEVER EVEN ASKED HOW HE DIED!
SHE KNEW HE MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED BY AN ENEMY AGENT! ANY OTHER PERSON WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES! IT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS, SO I CHECKED ON HER!
BUT...YOU STILL LET THOSE OTHER TWO GET AWAY! WHY? WHY?!
YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT COUNTER-ESPIONAGE, KEITH! YOU SEE, MY JOB WAS TO HELP MISS CONSIDINE SUCCEED! THE REAL PLANS ARE QUITE SAFE BY NOW! WHAT THOSE TWO GOT AWAY WITH WAS ONLY A FAKE!
A FAKE? THEN THEIR GOVERNMENT WILL SPEND MILLIONS AND WIND UP WITH A SHIP THAT... WON'T FLY!
EXACTLY! WE WANTED THEIR GOVERNMENT TO HAVE SOMETHING FOR ALL THEIR PAINS!
AND I ALMOST GUMMED UP THE WORKS! WOW... I CAN IMAGINE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THOSE TWO... AFTERWARD!
IN A WAY, MISS CONSIDINE IS LUCKY SHE DIDN'T GET ABOARD THAT PLANE! HER COUNTRY IMPOSES A VERY STRICT PENALTY... FOR FAILURE! AND, AS FOR YOU, KEITH... THE STORY IS STILL NOT FOR PUBLICATION!
OH-H-H-H! I KNEW MY LUCK WOULDN'T HOLD! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A SCOOP LIKE THIS WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! OH, WELL, C'MON...IT'S A LONG WAY HOME!
THE END